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# The Wellesley Magazine

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Vol. III—March, 1895—No. 6

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# THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

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## HAMLET AND FAUST: A COMPARISON.

GOETHE has said that every noble human being owes his education to the influence of his Fatherland and of the World. This points to one reason why Goethe's philosophy of life harmonizes in many points with Shakspeare's. The "Vaterland" of Goethe and the Fatherland of Shakspeare are closely akin, and to both poets belongs deep thought concerning the problems of life, together with a passionate intensity in struggling with those problems; a realization of the facts of failure, of doubt, of evil, and of the equally true facts of nobility, of positive spirituality.

"Fatherland and World," said Goethe, and of both men is it true that they were "not of an age, but for all time."

"Faust" and "Hamlet," each the expression of the deepest psychology of its poet-creator, will probably always have, from their very depth of mystery, a fascination for the soul. With the feeling that, as Dowden says, it is good simply to stand in the presence of such mysteries, let us draw a little nearer to these dramas.

The indictment the practical world brings against Hamlet is this: he left undone the things he ought to have done, neglecting to execute prompt justice on the king, to do his duty toward his mother and toward his kingdom, neglecting in a word active, practical work; he wasted his time in vain speculations, and caused the death of at least six people before executing tardy vengeance on the one; in short, that the algebraic sum of the results was minus and not plus, evil and not good.

A defense of Hamlet is best suggested by the lines:—

“Not on the vulgar mass,  
Called ‘work,’ must sentence pass.”  
    . . . . But  
“All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man’s amount.  
Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped.  
All I could never be,  
All men ignored in me,  
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.”

Hamlet would be the last to deny the main counts in the indictment. He says himself that he is “a too precise thinker,” a coward, but also says, “You would pluck out the heart of my mystery,” when you do not “know my stops”; and Hamlet’s lawyer would say, “You do not consider the extenuating circumstances of the environment and character of the defendant.”

In what circumstances do we find Hamlet? The curtain rises, Act I., scene 2, on a room of state, gorgeous with rich tapestries and brilliant with light. Enter the king and queen in royal scarlet, followed by a rustling bevy of gay courtiers. In the midst is the one black figure whose thoughtful, sensitive, troubled face tells more plainly than words, “I have that within that passeth show.” In practical experience, if not in years, Hamlet was a young man. He was a prince who had been dependent on the absolute authority of a father, wise, strong, respected. He had just returned from university self-culture, and still wore the student habit of brooding speculation. And as he came out into the glare of the palpably insincere, flippant, or wicked court life, with the hasty generalization of a young man, he cried, “All the uses of this world are weary!”



Hamlet's is essentially an artist nature. More than his meditative mind, more than his melancholy, do we see by his first soliloquy the deep shiver of his soul at the moral ugliness of the life which has so suddenly confronted him. Where is the beauty of the Hyperion king, of the Queen whose love had seemed so real and sweet? The king's place is filled by a satyr. The Queen's love had been a weak lie. The ghost confirms Hamlet's prophetic soul, Ophelia fails his test, he himself may be on a par, "an arrant rogue."

To Hamlet in this mood, hopeless, disenchanted, skeptical, comes the summons to do a positive act, the best possible cure for melancholy. His first impulse is "Haste to revenge." To kill his uncle he regards as a sacred duty, though he doubts the perfect conscience of it. We respect him the more for this scruple, although it is by no means a sufficient excuse in his eyes or in those of his time for his hesitation. In that cold midnight, on the dreadful summit of the cliff, when even the calm Horatio is excited, we see Hamlet revealed in the throbbing air of the superstition of the age, with his half-formed suspicions; his anger at the uncle who had "popped in between th' election and his hopes"; his grief at his father's death, and his deeper grief at his mother's sin. No wonder his hysterical replies seem the whirling words of a madman.

The question of Hamlet's sanity will probably always be debated; but to me Hamlet is sane, though he lacks the strength of will and practical sense to balance his intense nervous force.

After the darkness of that night had passed into the light of common day, it seemed only reasonable to desire more proof than the word of a ghost. What sensible man would not? He proves his doubt away by an admirably skilful test of the king. Now comes his great opportunity; Hamlet finds the king alone. "Now I might do it pat, now he is praying, and now I'll do it." But he stops to think,—a fatal hindrance to instant action. The desire for perfection of revenge completes his hesitation. His imagination is fired, and conceives the frightfully exquisite plan of taking the king not when his soul is fit to die, but when he is "in some act that hath no relish of salvation in it." "Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven."

This scene has been rightly called the climax of the drama, for it shows Hamlet both in the weakness of inaction, and in the strength of potential action, missing his unit but aiming at his million.

Goethe's view of Hamlet's character, that the keynote was an unconquerable weakness of the will; Victor Hugo's, that Hamlet was all skepticism and nebulous intellect; or Swinburne's hot defense that in Hamlet was no weak hesitation, but rather a strong conflux of contending forces, seem each to need the element of truth contained in the others.

There is the fact of Hamlet's weakness, of his skepticism, but the fact of the strong conflux of contending forces is equally true. Is it not with Hamlet as with Shakspeare's other heroes, out of whose very strength came their weakness? Out of the richness of Antony's nature came his self-extravagance; out of Othello's depth of passion came his agony of doubt; and so, out of Hamlet's conflict of great forces came what Coleridge has called "hopeless equilibrium." From his "godlike reason" came vacillating speculation; from his intense longing for truth, and fine artistic sense, came a keen critical power—witness the scene with the players—but his energy lost itself in the delights of sarcasm and the pleasures of melancholy. His abilities were dwarfed by the very height of his ideals. And yet, notwithstanding his faults, which certainly "leave a stain upon the beauty of all parts beside," there is a magic in Hamlet's personality, a suggested nobility, which charms more than the faultlessness of a lesser man.

But let us pass from the shadow of death over the Danish court to the darker shadow of despair over the Gothic chamber of Faust.

The dreams of his youth to teach mankind and to know truth are proved empty. The fascinating study of magic has brought him great visions, but they are only visions. How can he put himself into harmony with infinite Nature and drink of the springs of life? Only the agony of thirst is his. By a supreme effort of the will Faust summons the Earth spirit, yet when the awful, flaming countenance appears, Faust feels his human limitations and hides his face. The thought of suicide, of the possible new day after death, thrills him with sudden joy. But the clear Easter carol reminds him of his childhood's faith, and holds him back to earth.

Such is the Faust of the first great monologue; a Titan figure, eager to storm the highest heaven of truth, yet capable of divinely strong despair. A man first of all spiritual, a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions, he feels to the very depth of his soul that this universe has a spiritual meaning, but, with equal intensity, he feels himself hopelessly groping in the prison dark-

ness of a dry, material world. And his is not the impatience of a mere dreamer, nor is it the despair of a literal pedant. For ten years Faust has been a teacher. He has seen the petty grubbing in the dust of the Wagner natures around him; he knows that his way of working is more at one with spirit truth, and yet he is a "poor fool" in his own opinion. He longs to touch infinite Nature, but his craving is in vain.

It is as if his intense feelings, pent up for so long, rush forth in a flood, and he stands there in the darkness, a lonely man, sick at heart, yet fearless; not knowing whither to turn, yet turning with the quick decision of a strong will to the free, moonlit country, to the Earth spirit, to the thought of death. A very human man is this Faust; a soul able to suffer, and capable of joy; a man so spiritual that he rises to the cloudy heights of mysticism, and yet so warmly human that his chief need, a need of which he is as yet unconscious, is life among human beings, the surest path to the sight of the truth he craves.

To Faust at the moment of his bitterest impatience comes Mephisto, fascinating in his cleverness; Mephisto, that mocking, brilliant, sarcastic mischief-maker, who, like Iago, with a sneering, thin-lipped smile of skepticism at goodness or beauty, loves to plan far-reaching evil. Faust's pessimistic mood is craftily worked upon, until he declares that if ever the moment comes when he shall find life satisfying, Mephisto shall be his master and no longer his servant. Even here Faust shows his positive nature, unsatisfied except with completeness, not this time of truth, but of life. He wills to feel the depths of pain as well as the heights of pleasure, to go to wrack and ruin with the rest of mankind. Mephisto fears the spiritual tendency of this feeling, but hopes to blind the reasoning soul of Faust in a maze of lies and sensual pleasures.

So Faust drops the Doctor's robes for a gentleman's doublet, drinks the magic draught of youth, and lets Mephisto spread the magic mantle to bear them away from the dark study out into life. The rollicking student carouse in Auerbach's Keller absolutely fails to entice Faust, so Mephisto shows him the picture of a beautiful woman, hoping to arouse passion. Faust sees beauty for the first time, and his poet soul is entranced before "the heavenly picture."

And then to the young Faust comes the sight of Margarethe. In his



soul, just stirring into new life, with the new feeling for beauty and love, the spark dropped by Mephisto to burn Faust's spirit to ashes, flames up into the strong fire of passionate love, lawless but yet so pure and real that through joy and pain it purifies both Faust's soul and Margarethe's. For the Margarethe-Tragedy is a triumph of love over sin, of goodness over evil, though at the bitter cost of suffering and death. The strong, sweet, simple language of their love is unprofitable chatter to Mephisto, as unintelligible as is the power and spirituality of love itself. Margaret will not hearken to Faust's plea to escape from prison and from the accusations of her conscience. This voluntary expiation raises her far above Faust in moral power. Her strength gives strength to him, and though he vanishes from the dungeon (end Part I.) with Mephisto, he hears Margaret's voice still ringing in his ears till it finally calls him to her in heaven.

Part II. opens with Faust's magnificent apostrophe to the sunrise and the rainbow, and his resolve to strive toward perfect life.

The Faust Saga story of Helen of Troy receives from Goethe new, rich meaning. Faust's long seeking and final union with Helen typifies the self-culture of his spirit through the Greek ideals of beauty. From this mystical dream Faust turns to put his culture to the practical test of usefulness, and on his death-day he is seen old, blind, careworn, but eagerly working to guide his little kingdom and beholding in vision a free people in a free country. The thought that his work has helped toward that result fills him with absolute peace, and the angels bear his soul away from Mephisto.

Such is a faint suggestion of Goethe's wonderful poem. The popular accumulation of soul-harrowing stories about the magician Dr. Faustus grew, under the genius of Goethe, into a drama in which the hero is the soul of man, the action a lifelong struggle between the godlike and the devilish, between the soul of Faust and his own evil tendencies personified in Mephisto; the motive force, Faust's soul hunger; the enveloping action, nothing less than the mighty workings of the universe itself, with God and his great archangels as the cloud of witnesses.

It is this warm, real humanity of Faust that quickens the sympathy of even the least of us who has known what it is to question, to strive, to sin, to suffer, and who, perhaps, finds in Faust the expression of one's own dumb half-formed feelings. We stand face to face with his soul, and it

speaks to us and for us in words whose depth of meaning we may not fathom, but which have the same mighty, inexplicable charm as the rolling thunder of an organ.

This musiclike, spiritual quality is to me the essential likeness between Faust and Hamlet. In artistic form and coloring the two dramas are strikingly different; a German poem on a Folk-story, whose hero is a German Doctor of Philosophy, whose characters include a Mephisto, a Margaret, villagers, nobles, witches, allegorical figures, the spirit of Helen of Troy, the Virgin Mary, God, and the archangels; whose coloring is mediæval, mystical; whose language is poetry of all forms, from the doggerel from Mephisto's sarcastic lips to the great soliloquies of Faust, or the lyrical love songs of Margarethe; whose philosophy is that of a poet standing on the heights between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries,—what has this in common with that chapter from Danish history into which Shakspeare breathed the breath of English sixteenth century life?

However different these dramas, we recognize a kinship between the two heroes. Both Hamlet and Faust are philosophers. Each might say with Omar Khayyam,—

“I sent my soul through the invisible  
Some letter of that After-life to spell.”

Both are scholars learned in all that books can give, and the lonely Hamlet could with truth have echoed the lonely Faust's despairing cry: “There I stand, poor fool, no whit wiser than before!” Both have the scholar's fault, introspection, with its accompanying selfishness. Both cause sin, sorrow, and death. Both can suffer and can love, and both have, to an infinite degree, the hunger and thirst after the noble, the true, the divine.

But what is then the factor which distinguishes the Faust personality from the Hamlet? Briefly it is this. In Faust, will power controls the intellect; in Hamlet, conscience is controlled by the intellect. The theme of Faust might be his words in answer to Mephisto's slippery persuasiveness, “But I will!” Hence Faust is a man of action, his will must find expression in striving, fighting, doing something, and his soul finds relief and gathers strength; while Hamlet's battles are too often fought only in his soul.

But, one may say, how different the circumstances around Faust and Hamlet! Suppose Faust had been plunged into that cold, discouraging

atmosphere of guilt? No wonder that Hamlet's conscience was cut to the quick, and that the world, besides being a mystery, seemed all false, wrong, and wicked.

To Faust the world seemed under an inexplicable, driving force. Hamlet felt the need, not so much of attaining abstract truths of life and death, as a craving for applied truth, for honesty and nobility in people. He sought it in Ophelia, and she, for all her loveliness and gentle affection, shrank away from him in terror, and answered his bitter longing with a lie. If Ophelia's was not the perfect love that casteth out fear, neither was Hamlet's the perfect love that forgetteth self. To his feverishly critical conscience the great ideal love, perfect in sympathy and in mutual strength-giving, seemed far above them, and he could truly say, "I never loved you."

Hamlet was thus more alone than Faust; true, he had Horatio, a loyal friend, but too cool, too cautious. Horatio calmed the hot Hamlet, but did not rouse him to sensible action. Hamlet was alone. He lacked what Faust had, the redeeming love of woman. Margarethe was no perfectly innocent child, no absolute angel, but a very human girl, who loved Faust with her whole heart. Contrast her song at the spinning wheel, that untranslatable, beautiful, passionate

"Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer!"

with Ophelia's "I of ladies most deject and wretched." Ophelia's is a delicate, sweet, pathetic lament, but goes no farther than the externalities of love, and is entirely lacking in the simple, intense sorrow of Margaret's cry. Ophelia could only be crushed by Hamlet's harshness, and her father's death. Margarethe grew into the large wisdom of womanly love, until she could by sheer moral power resist Faust's strong pleading, could die a voluntary death, and thus help Faust to realize the necessity of suffering, and the possibility of rising above and away from Mephisto.

Different in character, different in circumstances, the third great difference points to a difference between Shakspeare and Goethe. I refer to the conclusion. Hamlet ends in silence, Faust in a song; Hamlet in death, Faust in a vision of heaven. In Hamlet only tentative theorizing, no deductions, no prophecy of that country which Shakspeare calls "undiscovered;" simply the fact, "the presence of the vast mystery of death," which each human soul may interpret as he can, with faith, with despair, or with "silence."

"Hamlet" belongs to the period of Shakspeare's development when the darkness, the tragedy, the mystery of life were the supreme realities to him. When Shakspeare wrote Hamlet, he could write no Part II., perhaps from the same reason that Goethe, on finishing the Margarethe tragedy which closes Part I. left "Faust" untouched until his seventy-fifth year.

The close of the Second Part of "Faust" is a song of hope and faith from the lips of an old man; of faith in the enduring life of all that is noble and divine in man. "Lofty designs *must* close in like effects." Goethe tells us that soul-death is impossible to a spirit like Faust's, who wills to live, who craves perfectness of truth and life; that a man who strives, although he makes weak, or pitiful, or wilfully selfish mistakes, though he cause sin and suffering, nevertheless shall see the fulfillment of his vision, shall find the first truth of life in unselfish love for mankind, and shall gain eternal salvation in eternal growth toward the fulness of truth and love.

"Das Ewig Weibliche zieht uns heran!"

But in Hamlet does this cold, severe fact of death leave us completely despairing? The Hamlet of Shakspeare is essentially a finely attuned, noble, striving soul, and on this fact of his nobility, Shakspeare dwells with even greater emphasis than on the fact of his shortcomings and death. As we leave the play, it is with an uplifted, purified, as well as sobered spirit, and with that question so often asked in the presence of death, "Can it be possible, that to such a soul, this life is all?"

Surely Shakspeare had much of the Hamlet soul in himself, just as Faust in one sense was Goethe. What parallel to the calm, bright, lofty poet philosophy of Faust-Goethe the old man, have we in Shakspeare's dramas? Where but in Prospero? of whom Dowden says, "Prospero is a harmonious and fully developed will." The great truth which Faust attains that "the true freedom of man consists in service," is the final conclusion of Prospero, and Shakspeare has added the brother truth of godlike forgiveness.

So if the minor Hamlet motif in Shakspeare's soul could develop and blend into the grand, strong major of the Prospero music, may we not feel that in Hamlet were the beginning, the strength of the potential action of "a God, tho' in the germ;" and that Goethe's conclusion is only reasonable and logical, that to a soul like Faust, the inevitable future is not death, but endless life.

MARTHA P. CONANT, '90.



## CHAUCER.

A stately lady's fair-haired little page;  
 A "yong squyer," who rideth with a king;  
 A poet taught of love and grief to sing  
 In sad strain and in sweet; whose heritage  
 Groweth the richer with increasing age,  
 Till gladness, born of many dawns in spring,  
 Fills all his soul, and merry notes outring  
 Along the road he fares on pilgrimage.  
 O blithest spirit of our English song!  
 Down the far centuries floats thy happy lay  
 Untinged with cruel strife and restless pain;  
 Like a bird's carol, fresh, and free, and strong,  
 It lifts its praise for life, and love, and May  
 That blooms in sunshine after April rain.

MARY HOLLANDS McLEAN.

## UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR WOMEN IN GERMANY.

THE spirit of progress is abroad. Not only on our own side of the Atlantic, but also across the sea, we note the result of its beneficent working in behalf of womankind.

That the idea of allowing women to share the privilege of studying and even of teaching in the university is not a new one, history shows; for in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries women were from time to time enrolled both as students and professors in the great and flourishing universities of Padua and Bologna. But the idea lay dormant for several centuries, and the progress of the present age lies in reviving and more fully developing an idea that in the distant past was intermittent in its manifestation, and confined to a single locality, and in converting it into a universal and permanent reality.

In this revival, France and Switzerland led. Since the early sixties of our century the French and Swiss universities have offered to women all the privileges of study which men enjoy, and have conferred upon them the same degrees. Zürich University took one step farther in advance in permitting a woman, Frau Doctor Kempin-Spyri, to conduct a course in its faculty of law.

The Universities of Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Iceland have one after the other granted to women, more or less completely, the privileges which are conferred on men.

Germany, lagging behind her sister nations, now at length, at the close of the nineteenth century, awakens, and joins the onward movement of the times.

The University of Heidelberg has just opened its doors to women; and in Berlin, Leipzig, Munich and Carlsruhe, gymnasia have been established to prepare women for university studies. In the autumn of 1894, the University of Göttingen admitted women. In order to enter classes the permission not only of the professors who give the courses which one desires to take, but also of the Minister of Culture, has to be obtained. The latest reports from Germany bring the stimulating news that six women, having obtained the necessary permissions from the Minister of Culture and the professors, are attending lectures in the University of Berlin; among the subjects which these women are studying are Mathematics, with Professor Fuchs, History of Literature with Erich Schmidt and Ludwig Geiger, Botany with Sehwendener, and the Philosophy of Language with Steinthal. Some twenty years ago, the University of Leipzig tried the experiment of admitting a few women to various courses, as "listeners," but for some reason the authorities looked upon the experiment as a failure, and withdrew the official permission; nevertheless it has happened from time to time since then, that women have been unofficially allowed, through the courtesy of individual professors, to attend lectures.

In Berlin, then, and Heidelberg and Göttingen, women may pursue their studies, and by the grace of individual professors "may be tolerated" at Leipzig. All these institutions offer instruction in all the main branches of learning—in medicine, law, theology, philosophy, and science. One needs only to refer to the *Anzeigen* of the various universities, as given at the beginning of each semester, in the "*Litterarisches Centralblatt*," to see what a vast variety of subjects one has to choose from.

The method of instruction in the German universities, as indeed in most of the European universities, is the two-fold one of lectures and seminaries. The seminaries are somewhat like our class-room exercises in which the professor questions and the students answer, or else one of the

students lectures upon a subject assigned him, while his colleagues criticise, to all of which the professor finally adds his criticism.

The aim of the University methods is in the main to advance the interests of science. The charter of the University of Zürich declares that the aim of the University is "partly to increase the sum of knowledge, partly to further the interests of church and state through higher scientific culture of professions." "To increase the sum of knowledge" seems to be the climax of endeavor in the realm of learning.

In order to extend the border lines of the known into the unknown, one must first find where this limit lies; one of the purposes, therefore, which the University lectures serve, is that of putting the student in the way of finding this limit. Not only does the student need to know where lies the limit of that which is already known in any given subject, but he needs to know how to proceed from that point. It would be an invaluable assistance to the beginner in the field of investigation, if more were done than is ordinarily attempted to guide his first flights into the unknown. Some direct instruction in the principles of scientific method might to good advantage be included among the courses offered in every institution of higher learning.

HELEN L. WEBSTER.

## SCENE FROM A NOVEL PORTRAYING THE CHARACTER OF THE HEROINE.

### OUTLINE OF STORY.

MILDRED CRANE is the daughter of a poor country minister, from whom she inherits a fine mind, while from her mother she possesses an extravagant love for all forms of art and beauty. This æsthetic nature is starved in every way by the poverty and narrowing influences thrown around her. Her education is not that of the ordinary child, but such an one as a clergyman, not of the most advanced type, and shut away from the broadening influence of city life, in a country village, would be able to give in the busy moments spared from parish work. Yet it was thorough and severe as far as it went. Mildred's mother was the order of woman which often attracts a scholarly man of Mr. Crane's type,—a pretty, dainty, pleasure-loving little

woman, with a passion for all forms of beauty. After her marriage she had been obliged to give up her desires along this line. The result was that when Mildred was born later in her mother's married life, she had developed into a narrow, and, except for her love for her husband, a discontented woman. In Mildred all the mother's passionate desire after a freer and more beautiful life seemed to be reproduced; it was as if the real life and longings of the woman, crushed so long, had taken revenge and sprung into fuller and stronger life in the child.

The girl spent the first twenty years of her life in a vain attempt to adjust her nature to her surroundings. After the death of her parents, however, she is transported into a new world. Through friends of her father's a life of broader culture and contact with intellectual and beauty-loving people lies open to her. She enters it with an abandon which is the reaction against her former life. Among the people she meets is a brilliant young lawyer, Kenyon Howe,—a man who gives every evidence of having a future open to him, but hampered at this time by financial embarrassment. He falls in love with Mildred and offers himself to her. The following scene takes place the day after Kenyon Howe proposes to Mildred, and is awaiting his answer:—

#### SCENE.

“Mildred,” said Margaret Clay, as she watched her friend put the finishing touches to her pretty brown hair, “aren't you getting to be a mammon worshipper? That is certainly the third new gown I've seen you wear since Easter.”

Mildred adjusted the last hairpin, and smiled at Margaret in the glass before she answered, saying: “Not exactly that, my dear, though I do like pretty things; yet there's nothing I so thoroughly detest as a mammon worshipper. I don't care for money except that it gives me all I want.”

Mildred uttered this remark as if it were an entirely unique and original manner of regarding the “necessary wherewithal”; it was only when she saw the amused smile on her friend's face that she added: “Don't laugh at me, Margie, even if my remark was inane. I really don't care for pretty things just for themselves,—I think they make us better; now I feel ever so much sweeter and more amiable when I know I look well. But this is



the last new gown, for there's a water color of Crane's I want,—one of those soft, sweet, spring scenes, all in soft greens, where you can almost see the grass grow and the apple blossoms coming out. It makes me think of that Corot we saw at Mrs. Lawrence's yesterday. Then I want some new books; there's a fine new set of Ruskin I'm longing for. So you see, Margaret," continued the girl, with another look in the glass as she fastened a pink rose in her dress, "it isn't pretty clothes alone I care for."

Margaret, watching the girl's face in the glass, vaguely wondered what made her eyes so restless and weary. With a woman's intuition she felt that something was wrong, and inwardly wished "Mildred Crane were more like other girls," and indulged now and then in a cosy confidence. She even contemplated putting her arm round Mildred as she rose to go, and asking what troubled her; for the girl, with all her friends, sometimes seemed strangely alone. But something in her friend's face prevented her.

"One never quite knows whether Mildred would like a demonstration of that sort," she said to herself, as she left the house and tried to forgive herself for not following out her generous impulses.

In the meantime Mildred was standing in the middle of the room where Margaret had left her. She stood there without moving for what seemed to her a long time, but what was in reality but a few minutes, so rapidly had the girl's mind been reviewing her situation. As one will often postpone a decision until the last moment, in hopes that some miracle will happen to prevent the decision, so Mildred had not let herself think much since Kenyon Howe had proposed to her the night before. But no miracle had happened, and he was coming in an hour for his answer.

The girl put her hands up to her head, burying her face and trying to think. Much as she dreaded the decision, her mind flew over the ground with surprising clearness. She knew she did not love Kenyon Howe, and yet she did not feel about refusing him as she had about other men. She began to feel and acknowledge to herself that he had a subtle influence over her; and the acknowledgment once made, it began to assume proportions. She had to admit to herself that she could love this man if she would let herself.

Ah, but that was the very question—should she let herself? She was not an impulsive girl, who made friends easily; people had to come to her.

She did not rush into things with abandon as a girl might have done who had not had the years of discipline and self-repression that had come to her. She realized herself that she was not like other girls in their first love affairs. She realized, too, that she was analyzing the situation in anything but a lover-like way. But her eyes had been opened too keenly by the past to let her enter into this experience as a girl with a happy, untroubled childhood might have done. It was because the years of poverty and repression had burnt themselves into her very heart that she stood now irresolute, not knowing which path to choose. The thought of the narrow, grinding years to come when the things she prized so dearly would be impossible to her, made her shrink from accepting this love. She was noble enough not to value the things for themselves, but for the richness and beauty they brought into her life, which had been so starved before. She knew it would be years before this man who had offered her his love could give her the full life of beauty and culture she had then. And with this the thought of their children came to her, and the suffering which would come in denying them all that made life rich and beautiful. Then came the thought of her own mother's suffering. Could she live through all that again? To see those we love suffering for what makes life rich and strong is so hard! The girl had seen all this in her mother's life, and she shuddered as the patient, yet unsatisfied face came up before her. She found herself wondering if her father's love made up for the cramped, starved life her mother had led. Her father was a busy man, not given to affectionate demonstrations, and she wondered if her mother would choose it over again if the choice was to be made again.

Then Kenyon's face rose before her, and her heart reproached her that she had not thought of him before. Yet she had thought of him. Underneath all the reasoning had been the feeling, dear to her even in her perplexity, of his love. The thought came that it was her duty to consider his happiness. But even though the idea of this true and tender love came to her in all its sweetness, yet she did not then appreciate the comfort and strength of such a love in the hours of loneliness and struggle which must needs come to every woman. The girl was too self-reliant, too happy in her present life, to dread those hours as an older woman might have done. She wondered, after all, if she did accept this love, whether she could make him happy. The fear came pressing upon her that her life would grow narrow and

bitter in the years of struggle which must inevitably come, and that the suffering would make him feel that his love had been more a curse than a blessing to them both. The very thought made the girl shrink! She pressed her hand over her brow, weary with the whole problem. In her distress her heart rose in rebellion against the fate which had made her so unlike other girls, unable to accept the happiness of love without analyzing it until doubt and perplexity destroyed the joy of it all!

The girl went over and over the question in her mind until she saw her judgment was losing its power. She felt the extreme need of having some one to go to for help in her perplexity. And yet the thought came of the utter impossibility of making any one understand. She felt she could not say, "I hesitate about marrying Kenyon Howe because he has no money." Even her best friend, knowing the ability and character of the man, his social position and rare promise, would think her mercenary. "They don't know what I do of poverty," the poor girl cried out to herself as she felt herself judged by them; "they don't know how bitter and hard it made my mother's life, and it will do the same to mine!"

All this time the thought was pressing upon her that she must decide the question either one way or the other. She felt baffled by the perplexity into which her analysis had thrown her, and an intense desire came to her to get away from it all—fly anywhere to escape the decision. Just then the servant brought her his card.

Mechanically she walked to the glass to straighten her hair, which she had disarranged in her struggle. As she looked in the glass her eye fell upon the rose she had fastened an hour before in her dress. Unconsciously she raised it to her face to catch its perfume. Suddenly, as she held the rose in her hand drinking in its sweetness, by the wonderful associative power an odor always possesses, another scene was suggested to her. In a moment the pretty room, filled with its lovely books and pictures, and the dainty trifles a woman loves, was gone, and the girl stood by her mother's bed in the old Vermont parsonage. The room was bare and cheerless, and the face on the pillow had a pinched, prematurely aged look. Yet it was lit up now by a glow of pleasure as her eyes rested on a bowl of pink roses Mildred held up for her mother to see; roses which the girl had bought for the sick woman with money saved for months. The joy in the faded face as she

handled the lovely season's flowers with a soft, caressing touch, was like a child's. "There, child, put them down," she said at last, adding, "I had such roses as that every day when I was a girl. Ah, Mildred, beauty is God's own gift to his children, and when it is crushed out of our lives they become narrow and bitter."

The look in her mother's face as she said these words Mildred never forgot. It came back to her now with a shock like the voice of one from the dead. Without another word she turned from the glass and went down to give her answer. She did not wait for conventional greetings, but went straight up to her lover, saying in a clear, low voice, "Kenyon, I appreciate the gift you have offered me, but it will not be right for me to take it."

Something in the girl's pale, resolute face daunted the man. The passionate remonstrances trembling on his lips changed to the simple question, "Am I to know nothing more?" For a moment the girl hesitated; she dreaded to tell him her reason, and yet the thought came that she owed it to him, it was her penance for giving him unhappiness. In addition she felt he would not understand, and would despise her for her decision on such grounds, and that would help him to forget his love. So, in a few words she told him as far as she could the story of her life, and the struggle of the last hour. She did not look at his face as she told it, yet when it was done, she saw the change which had come over it. It was more disappointment than contempt, as if an idol had fallen, and the man's faith was shattered. The girl felt he had not understood her, and was judging her as she had feared the world would judge her. She saw he had not understood her struggle and thought her ignoble and worldly. For a moment an intense longing came over her to justify herself in his eyes, to prove to him that she had not been utterly selfish in her decision, that she had thought of him and of their children, that she cared too much for him to run the risk of making his love a curse rather than a blessing.

But then the thought followed that he did not know what her life had been, that no soul can enter into the comprehension of another's sorrow, and least of all this man, who had experienced exactly the opposite results of poverty from her own; in his case it had served to drive him on to conquer and succeed. She felt then, as she had not before, how utterly different his



nature was from hers, and the impossibility of making him understand sealed her lips.

There was a long silence between them and then he rose to go, saying, as he looked into her eyes for a moment, "Good-bye; I have not understood you before or else I do not understand you now. God bless you." And he was gone.

She did not move for a long time after he went out, and then she mechanically stooped to pick up something she saw lying on the carpet. It was the pink rose fallen from her dress, which he had crushed beneath his foot as he left her!

. . . . .

Life holds much of interest to an eager, intelligent and ambitious woman. The next ten years of Mildred Crane's life were years rich from the intercourse with cultured people, and full of the pleasure of travel and life abroad. Her desire for a life of beauty and experience was satisfied. At thirty she was an accomplished, attractive and clever woman, a charming companion at a dinner, a much sought for guest at a house party. Men enjoyed her fine mind and bright conversation. She was much admired and even loved, but no one ever touched her heart as the man she had given up. He became a prominent lawyer, made a place for himself and married. Mildred did not love him, but she wondered why it was that a pang shot through her heart when the news of his marriage reached her during her life abroad.

After that those who loved her best noticed now and then a cynical tone in her gay talk, a slight touch of hardness which made her all the more brilliant, perhaps, but which men dread even when they admire. Had she failed to count the cost of the life she had chosen for herself?

The poet tells us that

"He who shuts love out, in turn shall be  
Shut out from love, and on her threshold lie  
Howling in outer darkness."

GERTRUDE PARKER SPALDING, '92.

## THE SOUL'S KISS.

Not your sweet, red lips, dear,  
Tremulous with sighs,  
Lest their passion dull love's rapture;  
Kiss me with your eyes.

Gleam on Cupid's wing, dear,  
At the least touch flies,  
Even lips may brush to dimness;  
Kiss me with your eyes.

Pain within the bliss, dear,  
Of those soft curves lies;  
Only love the soul's light carries;  
Kiss me with your eyes.

MAUDE THOMPSON.

## A COMMONPLACE TALE.

"How old Colonel Howe looks," said the younger of two men who were standing in the broad window of a Fifth Avenue Clubhouse. As he spoke his eyes followed the tall, bent figure of the Colonel disappearing in the crowd. "Yes," assented the older man, "he begins to show his years. Why he's sixty if he's a day, and yet a few weeks ago he was as active as any young man. What a fine fellow he is, though! You don't know the story of his life, do you? It is a very small one, hardly merits the name, but I like to tell it because it shows the real man." The men called for fresh cigars, and drew up their chairs before the glowing grate. Amid wreaths of blue smoke the story-teller began his tale in a slow, retrospective manner.

"Well, a good many people here in New York think they know Ned,—that's the Colonel,—but they don't. Their belief is only a compliment to self-conceit. They see a grave, courteous man, who is liked by every one, who gives and spends his whole substance in the service of others, but I know a different Ned. We were boys together. He was a handsome lad, a bit of a dare-devil and rather too heedless, but a fellow you couldn't help loving, faults and all, the first minute you set eyes on him. As time went on my cousin Nell, more's the pity that she should be of my kin, won his heart. She was something of a flirt, but he was blind and loved her passionately with his whole might and being.

“But, soon after their engagement, their blissful dream was cut short by the breaking out of the war. We both enlisted, and I remember to this day how he looked as we were saying the last good-byes. For a moment he seemed to forget everything but Nell looking down upon him; then, with a lightly tossed kiss and a wave of his cap, he rode off, his face set steadily toward the front. I have wished since that one or the other might have died then, while trust was still sweet and strong. Ned fought like a knight of old, winning promotion on the field for bravery. He loved, too, like a knight, and I knew when he watched the stars instead of sleeping that he was far away with her, laying, in imagination, his hard-won honors at her feet.

“Well, to cut a long story short, I went home at the beginning of the third year on leave of absence, and found Nell betrothed to another man. She had heartlessly jilted Ned, my boyhood friend, and I must see him, must meet his eyes shining with love’s light, must answer his eager questions. But Nell had the grace to spare me, and wrote to Ned breaking their engagement. When I rejoined the company I was impressed with a certain new strength and dignity in Ned’s bearing. It hurt me to note the unaccustomed lines about his mouth and the pitiable weariness in his eyes. He met my glance with a long, steady look, and wrung my hand hard. Otherwise he gave no sign of his wound, but there was a restlessness about him which defied fatigue.

“Only once did I ever hear him complain. As usual he had tramped the night half through, but when I awoke was leaning against a near-by tree to rest. The purity of his pale face, sharply defined against the gray bark, startled me. It seemed as if all the earth had been refined away in the sharp fire of sorrow, and the soul left to shine forth in undimmed beauty. There alone with his God he cried out in pleading, broken tones: ‘O, how can I give her up; how can I live without her? Give me strength to bear the trial, to make the love I gave her a blessing and not a curse. I know that she is unworthy of that love, but the knowledge does not ease the pain!’ And in the bitterness of his grief he turned his face to the tree and wept. The next day he fought with an intensity akin to madness, and faced death with reckless indifference.

“At last the war came to an end, and we both went to New York. From the very first Ned was a great pet, especially with women. True, he

smiled little, but his courtesy and manliness won their hearts; then, bless you, he never spared any money to give them pleasure. He danced with them, talked with them, rode with them, but never offered his love to any one of them. People wondered why he did not marry, and often asked him, only to hear him invariably reply very gravely with a quizzical light in his eyes, 'Why, I have never found anybody who will take me.'

"This perfect control grew hateful to me. I found myself wondering how much longer he could stand the strain, when along in '74 or '75 he began to spend Sunday out of town. I did not know the reason, but saw with joy that the most rigid lines of his face were relaxing and the shadow of his eyes lifting. He came to me one day with something very like the old glad smile of his youth on his lips and a tenderer note in his voice. Laying his hand affectionately on my shoulder he said: 'See here, old man, you needn't fret about me any longer. I am all right, do you hear? The tension has snapped, and I am in love once again. I am more than grateful to you for keeping still. I just couldn't have borne your speaking about her, but it is all over and done with now. Here's a picture of my sweetheart. What do you think of her?' He took from his pocket the miniature of a smiling child, and laughed at my surprise. 'That is my niece, Dorothy,' he continued, 'at whose shrine I worship.'

"And he did completely, unreservedly. All the love which had been Nell's, and which he had so resolutely shut up in his heart during those long hard years, was now lavished on this mite of a girl. As she has grown older, he seems to have grown younger. The friendship between them has been very beautiful, in fact almost ideal, but again Ned has been called upon to bear a crushing blow. Two weeks ago her engagement was announced, and he has aged in a night. He is dazed. He cannot realize that, hereafter, he will hold a second place in her life. He has summoned to his aid that splendid courage, which is so characteristic of him, but youth with its healing of time and strength of hope is behind him. His will cannot make his heart forget its loneliness. Poor Ned! I wonder why the best men are hit so often."

M. GERTRUDE WILSON, '95.



## SAILING.

Swiftly cutting through the water,  
Falling spray on either side,  
    Coyly dipping,  
    Rising, skipping,  
Borne along by wind and tide,  
Merrily my boat doth glide.  
  
Oh, the sunlight, how it flickers,  
Showering diamonds on the way!  
    Madly dancing,  
    Shining, glancing,  
Slyly beckoning, come and play,  
Be, like us, bright, free, and gay.  
  
And I sing a song for gladness,  
Send it echoing toward the sea;  
    I am happy,  
    Happy, happy!  
Blow, ye winds! Blow joyfully,  
Nor sigh; but sing and laugh with me.

DOROTHY ALLEN.

## THE LITTLE SENTINEL.

ON a quiet street in a little Southern town, a great house frowned at the passers-by through an avenue of maples and elms; but at one of the deep-set windows, a sweet face was ever seen smiling through the dainty white curtains. The face was an ideal one, strangely out of place in its gloomy surroundings. The eyes were very kind; the mouth was sweet and gentle; the cheeks were still touched with a delicate pink; but the crowning glory of the face was the halo of quaint curls surrounding it, glossy, silver ones, surmounted always by the daintiest of white caps.

Since the war, Miss Miranda Lee had lived in the great house with Uncle Bob, Aunt Melviny, and great, stately Remus as her only companions. No less beautiful than her face was Miss Miranda's life. Throughout its many years, it had been characterized by deeds of charity and love, and now at its close, God had ordained that Miss Miranda should sit always at the deep window of the gloomy house, and smile out upon the world for which she had done so much.

Several years before this time, Miss Miranda had had a severe fall, and the doctor had said she would never walk again. Brave and patient, she submitted unfalteringly, and the neighbors had grown used to seeing Uncle Bob, his black face full of sympathy, wheeling his beloved mistress up and down the long porch; while Remus, with his great dog face equally sympathetic, walked solemnly by Uncle Bob's side. For many years no event more unusual than this had disturbed the quiet of the ancient porch, but one morning its long silence was broken.

Back through the elms and maples, in the shadow of the lowering porch, a beautiful boy was romping noisily with a stately, much-surprised, but very kind old dog. The unwonted noise caused much wonder and gossip among the neighbors. They knew that Miss Miranda had no relatives save an uncle in an adjoining state, and a distant cousin or two. Now the little stranger caused interest not only on account of his connection with Miss Miranda, but on account of his bright face and sturdy figure.

As the boy looked up from his romp, flushed and breathless, and shook the tumbled mass of curls out of his laughing eyes, a sweet voice from behind the white curtains called, "Staunton," and the boy ran merrily into the great, dark hall. The wonder of the neighbors increased, but the darkness of the hall shut out their curious glances, and they did not see the trembling hand laid gently on the sunny head, nor the two great tears that rolled silently down Miss Miranda's face. Nor could these curious onlookers have sympathized with those tears; but to the little stranger their cause was well known, and he threw two chubby arms around Miss Miranda's neck. Very fresh in his memory was the picture of a handsome father holding a bright-haired boy and telling him innumerable stories. But the story that Staunton knew the best was one about Miss Miranda. Staunton's father was a very young man when the war broke out, but he had made a brave soldier. Many tales he used to tell of army life, but best of all he loved to tell how once, when his regiment was marching through Kentucky, they had encamped near the old Lee place. One night, two confederate spies were thought to be concealed at Major Lee's, and it was ordered that the house be guarded. All day Staunton's father had been on duty, and for thirty hours he had not slept; so with dread he took up his watch at the back of the great house. During the evening, a sweet-faced woman came

out and asked the young soldier if he were not very tired. He told her of his long vigil, and even as he spoke he seemed to grow more faint. The kind words and cheery face of the little woman were very comforting to the weary man, but ere long she returned to the house, and the young soldier, determined, yet scarce conscious, continued his watch. Later in the night, the little lady came out again, anxious for her new friend's welfare. For a moment she did not see the young sentinel, and then with a strange mis-giving she noticed a dark shadow under one of the great elms. Deeply touched, she stooped over it, and found the weary soldier sleeping peacefully, unconscious of his danger. Softly she moved away, and all night a steady tread was heard at the back of the house.

Just as the early dawn was breaking, the clank of a sabre near at hand broke the stillness, and a tall figure appeared at the farther corner of the house. Quickly, noiselessly, the little woman walked to the sleeping soldier and shook him gently. With a start he awoke, and in a moment knew all. Without a word, he shouldered his musket, and walked steadily toward the tall figure in blue; and the sentinel of the night disappeared.

The young soldier had little chance to thank his guardian angel, but when the war was over, and the soldiers laid aside their grey and blue, beautiful gifts and letters full of love and heartfelt thanks came to Miss Miranda Lee from a far-off Northern home. In time that home was broken up, as was also the Southern one. Years after, the soldier had married, and the bright boy to whom he loved to tell the story was given him. Staunton Lee Prescott, he was named, for the friendship between Miss Miranda and her "soldier boy" had grown to be a strange and beautiful one.

When Staunton was only a baby his mother died, and a few days ago a strange, sad letter came to Miss Miranda. Her "soldier boy" was dead, and it was his request that Staunton should be sent to her. With all the love and tenderness of her nature she opened her heart to the child, and in the embrace of the chubby arms she found her love returned.

Generous, loving, happy, romping Staunton found a place in every heart and home of the village. When Aunt Melviny made pickles, or preserves, or cake in the kitchen, Staunton always wanted to help, and in due time he had learned to make biscuit as well as Aunt Melviny herself. Though Uncle Bob's step at its best was not very firm, yet he was never too tired to

ride Staunton on his back; and though Staunton's five years had not rendered him a very efficient workman, yet his play was never too interesting, nor the task too difficult for him to help Uncle Bob. As for Remus, we know that he was of the best blood in the State, and that his dignity was easily offended; but he played with Staunton as though he were a young puppy, and Staunton never forgot to save Remus a piece of his apple or cake. "Aunt Miwanda," as he called Miss Lee, grew healthier every day under the influence of so sunny a presence; and one morning Uncle Bob found the boy, with his arms almost stretched from their sockets to reach the handle of the chair, laboriously wheeling Miss Miranda on the porch. When Uncle Bob laughed, Staunton, as impulsive in one act as in the other, stamped his feet, treading on poor Remus' toe, shaking Miss Miranda, and hurting Uncle Bob's feelings. These frequent bursts of anger were easily appeased, and the boy's true sorrow and humble apologies were pleasures to see.

This morning Staunton soon disappeared, and after a while Remus came limping slowly in to Miss Miranda, with a foot much bundled up. The bandage was found to be Staunton's handkerchief; and as Miss Miranda patted the great dog's head, and smiled down at the little soiled handkerchief, a very flushed and excited little boy came into the room. Walking over to Miss Miranda, he deposited three paper bags in her lap, and slowly counted them: "One for Wemus, one for Aunt Miwanda, and one for Unc' Bob," and then ran laughingly out of the room, to be soon followed by Remus, who could not even stay to eat his candy.

When Staunton had lived in the great house almost a year, his birthday came. He would be six years old, and he walked about proud at the thought. Great preparations were being made for his birthday, and contributions were given toward its celebration not only by the inmates of the house, but by the milkman, and the butcher, and the grocer, and the neighbors, and the kind old village doctor. When Miss Miranda called Staunton to her and asked him what he would most like to have for his birthday, he laid his rosy face close against Remus' black head, and answered, "Aunt Miwanda, I would wather have a blue suit like papa's in my picture, and a sword." And so the tailor was busy all the day before the birthday making a little blue suit with brass buttons and epaulettes; and Uncle Bob was sent to the city to find a little sword.



When at last the great day came, and Staunton went down to breakfast, his heart was almost bursting with joy. There was a little saddle and bridle, and outside the door a beautiful pony from the doctor; there were toys, and books, and candy, and a silver collar for Remus from Aunt Melviny and Uncle Bob. And last of all, Uncle Bob brought in the beautiful blue suit with the brass buttons and the sword, and Staunton's joy knew no bounds. He kissed "Aunt Miwanda" and Aunt Melviny and Uncle Bob, and rolled Remus over and over on the floor. When night came, and the happy boy was exhausted with romp and play, he could scarcely be persuaded to take off his uniform.

In the night Miss Miranda was ill, and Uncle Bob had to go for the doctor. Miss Miranda was afraid to stay with Aunt Melviny alone, but the doctor must be sent for. Staunton heard the two old women talking, and after Uncle Bob had gone, he softly left his little bed, donned his blue uniform, took his sword, and went out unobserved. Up and down the long avenue he walked, keeping guard in the dark over "Aunt Miwanda."

Many years before, the great old trees had seen another boy, a little older than this one, but just as full of life, and love, and hope, keeping guard in the dark. And to-night they bent down in the breeze, and spread their great protecting arms over the fearless little guardsman.

Finally the carriage came with the doctor. Uncle Bob was driving, but Uncle Bob's eyes were very dim, and when the horse was frightened at something in front of him, the old man did not see the faithful sentinel, and urged the horse on. Frightened beyond control, the animal dashed forward, and a child's scream rang out on the night. The doctor jumped from the carriage, and as he stooped over the boy, he saw the little blue suit, and heard Staunton say feebly, "I watched for Aunt Miwanda."

The ancient porch was silent again. The face behind the white curtains was seldom seen. Only a great, solemn old dog walked slowly among the elms and maples, or slept in the sun at the door.

In the room of the white curtains, placed so that the sweet face among the snowy pillows could be ever turned toward them, were two pictures: the one of a strong man in the prime of life and hope, the other of a beautiful boy; and under the picture of the boy there hung a little sword, still sheathed. Staunton had paid his father's debt of gratitude.

AGNES L. CALDWELL, '96.

DAY DREAMS.

I was sitting on the floor  
By our open cottage door,  
Stealing idly from the store  
Of my dreams;

Feeling happy at the sight  
Of the golden summer light,  
Making dreary places bright  
With its gleams.

Then I wished, with airy sigh,  
That a king would canter by,  
Wearing robes blue as the sky,  
And a crown.

And he'd see my wistful face  
In its old accustomed place,  
And would stop with easy grace,  
And leap down.

He would take me by the hand,  
And tell in language grand,  
How he'd wandered o'er the land  
For a queen.

He'd had couriers far and wide,  
Searching o'er the county-side;  
But no one fit to be his bride  
Had been seen.

Then he'd bend his stately head,  
While the morning light shone red,  
And would ask me if I'd wed  
With a king.

While I'd blushing look down,  
He'd tell me of his native town,  
And that I should have a crown,  
And a ring.

Then I looked at him and smiled  
In surprise, that I, a child,—  
When I heard, in accents mild,  
Mother say,—

“Put away your foolish wishes,  
For they'll never turn to fishes;  
Come and help me wash the dishes,  
Little May.”

FRANCES A. YOUNG, '97.

## THE STORY OF A STORY.

SHE was a pretty girl, but with a man like the Doctor mere prettiness counted for little. It was her resolute, independent manner which amused and interested him from the first. She was much given to wearing stiff, broad-brimmed hats, jaunty vests and jackets with innumerable pockets like a man's, and the latest thing in ties, which she knotted with enviable skill. She congratulated herself upon being quite strong-minded and masculine in appearance. Yet to an interested observer she was never anything but charmingly girlish. At least so thought the Doctor, for he loved her.

She was a writer of tales in a modest way, and she talked a great deal about a mysterious ideal which she was striving to reach, and a certain sphere which she was destined to fill. Her voice was soft and low, but she talked very fast and in a decided way, and when she began to speak of herself there was no stopping her. But her pretty, self-complacent chatter amused the Doctor, listening from the vantage point of his masculine superiority, and he even encouraged her in it. Her tales ran all on the same theme, and her heroines were all exponents of that ideal of life which she had builded up for herself. They were all maidens of the resolute, independent type, with an Absorbing Ideal, in the pursuit of which they bravely renounced love and marriage and all like trivialities.

As a result the stories were a trifle monotonous, at least to a man like the Doctor, who had but little patience with all this talk about woman's sphere, although it amused him. Still, they were told in a graceful, piquant way, and the critics who praised the style pardoned the monotony of theme.

The Doctor, being all this time very much in love with Phyllis, was her most constant reader, and he found it interesting to trace in all the lofty-minded heroines an exact delineation of herself. Brown-eyed and blue-eyed, rich and poor, they were all Phyllis pure and simple. In fact, it was as impossible for the one-sided young woman to write of any other type than her own, as it was for the Doctor to write at all.

Phyllis herself, however, did not dream of this, and the Doctor never ventured to advise or suggest. He simply gave the unstinted praise which he knew would please.

They lived in a conventionalized Bohemia, which they found extremely convenient, since it permitted the Doctor to take Phyllis unchaperoned to the theatre, to walk with her on Sundays in the Park, and occasionally of an evening to drop into her pretty, fire-lighted parlor.

She was always glad to see him. She welcomed him with frank cordiality, and made tea for him, apologizing as she poured it that she could not offer beer and crackers and cheese instead. As for the Doctor, he readily pardoned the absence of such Bohemian delicacies, while he watched her small hands busy with the tea things; and he soon developed a true old woman's fondness for the mild green herb.

They were very happy together in their free and easy Bohemia, until one day he told her that he loved her; and then everything was changed.

Being a man endowed with a fair share of personal attractions, social standing, and reputation, the Doctor had felt quite justified in offering his hand and heart to Phyllis, and he was entirely unprepared for the advanced views of life which she proceeded to shower upon him at his first word of love.

Phyllis would have made an uncommonly successful lawyer. She had a clever way of vigorously asserting her own opinions, and passing over those of her opponents as quite too worthless and absurd for consideration, until they came to think the same. So she argued the case out very plainly for the Doctor, until he saw as she did that it was quite impossible for a young woman of her ideals to turn her attention to such trivial matters as love and marriage; that his forcing such questions upon her had been, to say the least, inconsiderate and indelicate; and that in the future they must be simply comrades in Bohemia as in the past. Love other than Platonic was altogether out of the question. Thus a peace was patched up, which, if not wholly satisfactory to the Doctor, was entirely so to Phyllis, and he was forced to be content. From the earliest stage of their acquaintance he had learned to know that her word was law.

But one day this relationship as well came to an end. Phyllis decided to seek more congenial society among the literary circles of Boston, and she vanished from Bohemia. She kindly sent the Doctor a note of farewell. She hoped he would not forget his old comrade in Bohemia, and she ended by advising him in a frank, sisterly way to marry some nice, sweet girl who



was unhampered by high ideals and lofty missions. The Doctor was unreasonably indignant on the receipt of this kind little note. He had believed that Phyllis was mortal, and that the fortress of her heart must surrender after long-continued siege. This note dashed his hopes to the ground. He tossed it angrily into the fire. He renounced his love for Phyllis on the spot. Then and there he painfully decided that woman was indeed an unknown quantity, and that wise old Virgil must have been inspired by some remote ancestress of his comrade in Bohemia when he wrote, "*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*"

The Doctor did not write to Phyllis. He had a grim feeling of satisfaction in knowing that she would expect him to, and be disappointed. However, he kept closely in touch with her new life through the medium of her stories. He read them carefully, and as always found them reflecting minutely her own experiences, moods, and ambitions. From time to time he read of her in the papers. It was evident that her career in Boston was a triumphant one. The literary circles of the city had taken her up, and were petting and praising and doing their best to spoil her. The Doctor was not surprised. He knew how exactly her ideas would coincide with Bostonian traditions. But after a time her story-writing appeared to cease. Though the Doctor searched the magazines and papers he could find nothing from her usually indefatigable pen. He was perplexed and troubled, until one day he read something which explained her long silence. She was engaged in the production of a novel, which the literary world was awaiting with great eagerness. The Doctor smiled in a superior way, as he thought what a monotonous novel it would be; but he awaited its coming quite as eagerly as the literary world assembled under the shadow of Boston's gilded dome.

It came at last, a dainty volume bound in white and silver. In his eagerness the Doctor gave himself a holiday for the purpose of enjoying it, and locked himself in his room that he might not be interrupted. The story was simple and short, but it was told in Phyllis' most graceful style, and it abounded in charming bits of description and piquant dialogue. As the Doctor had expected, the old *fin de siècle* maiden was the heroine, strong-minded and resolute, her wagon as usual hitched to a star, but—miracle of miracles!—Phyllis had ended the tale to the chime of wedding bells.

The Doctor cried "Eureka!" when he finished the story. He kissed its white and silver covers rapturously. He danced a wild sort of breakdown in his delirious joy. Then he sat down and read it for the second time as calmly as possible. But he had not been mistaken. The resolute maiden certainly did renounce her ideals for the trivial facts of love and marriage. As usual, the heroine was Phyllis, and the jubilant Doctor could not fail to see that the hero was himself. He laughed loud and long over this discovery. She had given him blue eyes, to be sure, and had glorified and exalted him in a most flattering way; but he could not be mistaken in believing that the hero was a clever portrait of her old comrade in Bohemia,—her first and only lover. Then, in his exultant egotism, he read in the story the admission of love on the part of his proud Phyllis. It was evident that the fortress of her heart had surrendered. He drew his flattering conclusions, and started immediately for Boston.

He found Phyllis in a cosy fire-lighted parlor, a counterpart of the one in which they used to meet in the good old Bohemian days. She was overjoyed to see him. She made much of him in her charming way, and as usual chatted very fast about herself and her triumphant successes. The keen-eyed Doctor thought that he could detect a certain restraint in her manner, however, in spite of her rapid flow of language, and this he interpreted most flatteringly and hopefully for himself. She insisted upon making tea as in the old days, and, as she busied herself at the low table, he felt that his opportunity had come. The white and silver volume was in his pocket. He carried it as a talisman, and he passed his hand caressingly over it as he began to press his suit.

He was sure of success, and he plunged at once into the heart of the matter. He told her again that he loved her, that he could not be content with their old Bohemian comradeship, that he wanted something nearer and dearer. Then for a dramatic climax he produced the little volume, which he vowed would always be his dearest possession, and told her of the precious secret which his love had discovered within its white and silver covers. Thus he showed her that her heart had betrayed itself, and he told her that denial was useless. He had come prepared to win her and would brook no refusal. He leaned back in his chair with a confident, rapturous smile, waiting for her to speak.

Phyllis sat in silence with downcast eyes for some time after the Doctor had finished. It was a novel thing for her to display any maidenly shyness. But under the circumstances it was natural and the Doctor revelled in it. He watched her evident confusion in silence, thinking how pretty she looked under the rose-shaded lamp, and how tenderly she loved him.

At last she raised her long lashes. Her blue eyes met his frankly. They were shining like stars, and there was a queer, tremulous smile about her mouth. She spoke low and with unusual slowness.

“I had no idea my little story would prove to be such a telltale. I assure you it was quite unconscious on my part. It was very clever of you to read between the lines, and I suppose I must confess now. It is true that I have renounced principles which I was once proud to uphold, and I do look upon life from a different standpoint. Yes, I must admit that my heart has at last surrendered to love, for”——

She paused, and the Doctor sprang from his chair exultingly.

“For I marry my publisher to-morrow. It was he who inspired my tale.”

BLANCHE BAKER FIELD, '92.

### IN A CYPRESS SWAMP.

I passed along a lonely path at night,  
Amid a forest vast and gray and grim.  
The slender trees showed faintly by the light  
Of waning moon, by veiling clouds made dim.  
Their crowded trunks, a silent battle host,  
Surrounded me, their helpless, puny foe,  
And each one had, like its attendant ghost,  
Its pale reflection in the pool below.  
From out the weeds and rushes, tall and rank,  
Which grew at will, encroaching on my road,  
A water serpent glided forth, then sank  
Within the noisome depths, its fit abode.  
Then yearned my soul for freedom and for light;  
My life was like that dark, foreboding night.

GENEVA CRUMB, '97.

## A SOCIETY EVENT.

THE drawing rooms were a charming study in color. The candelabra cast a restful, mellow light over a shifting scene of dainty spring gowns and youthful faces. Here and there great clusters of red carnations caught the light, and reflected it in patches of intense color. The conventional background of palms hid some musicians, whose soft undercurrent of skilful melody blended all the sounds of the gay gathering into a dreamy whole. Altogether it was a most successful tea, and the younger set, for whom it was given, were evidently enjoying it. "It's just like everything she does," said one admiring maiden; "she manages all her affairs,—well, perfectly!"

The hostess, a small, fair-faced woman, with the graceful manners of a successful social leader, was saying good-bye to a guest. "This dreadful thing about Marian Cortland," she was saying, while a shadow crossed her sweet, high-bred face, and her voice trembled an instant. "You know I could scarcely believe it at first. She was to have received with me to-day, and now—why no one knows where she is, even. I don't know when anything has pained me so much. But you mustn't go just yet. My little Italian boy is going to play for us in a moment. Haven't I told you about my protégé? He is a young Italian who lives with his older brother. The brother plays the violin down in Grace Church. They are both exquisite musicians, and simply devoted to each other."

"A violinist from Grace Church died quite suddenly the other day," replied the other lady. "The name was Italian, too, if I remember rightly."

By the tea table two girls were gossiping a minute. "I'm terribly disappointed in Marian," said one, gravely. "I was very fond of her at school. I thought she was the strongest, most reliable girl I ever knew. And then to have her break through all propriety and good taste like this! Well, it only shows how little you can depend on people, anyhow."

"There is no excuse for her, certainly," rejoined the other, meditatively, and then paused.

Through the soft, incessant hum of movement and voices rose the notes of a violin. At once a stillness fell. At first it was only the pause that accompanies a change of attention, but it deepened into interest as the player went on. He was playing Chopin's eleventh Nocturne. The soft notes of the first melody rang out clearly with their plaintive suggestiveness, and



then almost died away. Again the music rose, this time with a deeper grief in its notes. It throbbed through the rooms till the air seemed to grow heavy with the intensity of the pain, the unutterable, benumbing sorrow that it told. The theme was repeated till the passion in it sunk to a dull despair. Suddenly the music changed. A new element came in; a quieting, sanctifying influence in the midst of ungoverned grief. The violin tones deepened until they were almost like an organ, and the grand, churchly chords rolled out in wave after wave of solemn harmony. Still again the music changed, and the first theme was repeated, with its sweet, pathetic refrain hallowed and calmed now, it seemed to the hearers, by the uplifting spirit of the organ strain. The grief still lived, but it had been soothed by faith and aspiration. The tender notes grew slower and softer, lingering reluctantly on the strings, and at last died away on a high, faint note.

They had all forgotten about the player. Indeed, he had quite forgotten about them. He was still standing behind the palms with the violin held close. The brown Italian eyes were far away. "O, Pietro!" he murmured, "did I play it right? Dear, dear Pietro, how can I ever play now without you?"

Some new people had just arrived, and a number of others were starting to go. The panorama of form and color was still shifting in exquisite variety, and the carnations dropped a spicy fragrance as they quivered on their long stems. Two girls were drawing out their cards as they left the room. "Nan," said the tall one, who a few minutes before had lost her faith in humanity, "I guess I didn't mean what I said about Marian this afternoon. She was ever such a nice girl. And oh, Nan, if I had been in her place I wonder what I would have done?"

MARGARET YOUNG HENRY, '97.

### LULLABY.

Dreamily, dreamily, swinging, swaying,  
Blow as the blossoms blow,—  
Babekyn rocks in a faery cradle,  
Now high, now low.  
Babekyn rocks in a faery cradle,  
Hung from the white moon's horn,  
Pillowed on clinging, shimmering fleeces,  
From bright clouds shorn.

Merrily, gleefully, tossing, rocking,  
Sunshine on every side,—  
Appleblows daintiest, sweetest, palest,  
His Majesty hide.

Gleefully, daintily, swinging, swaying,  
Blossoms blow light in the wind;  
Dawn-tinted petals fall thickly, till Baby  
Is hard to find.

Wearily, wearily, rocking, swaying,  
Even the robins rest;  
When the sun is dead and the blossoms shiver  
Long dreams are best.

EMILY S. JOHNSON, '97.

#### ALUMNÆ REPRESENTATION ON THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

THE first action taken by the Alumnæ Association of Wellesley College in regard to representation of the alumnæ on the Board of Trustees was at the annual meeting held June 20, 1888. The subject was at that time brought up for discussion by the President of the Association, and a committee was appointed to present to the Trustees the earnest wish of the Association for representation; in case this request was favorably received, the committee was empowered to consult with the Trustees on methods. At the annual meeting in June, 1889, this committee reported that the petition which had been drawn up had not been presented to the Trustees, as the committee were informed unofficially that the Trustees were themselves considering the subject of alumnæ representation. Their deliberations resulted in the election, at their meeting held the day before that of the Association, of Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild, '80, as a life member of the Board. This appointment was received with enthusiasm, the universal feeling being that the choice of the alumnæ themselves could not have fixed upon a worthier representative. Since that time Mrs. Guild has rendered efficient and satisfactory service as a Trustee.

But certain objects desired by the alumnæ could not be fully secured by life membership on the Board of any of their number, and two years later the question of representation in the fuller sense of the word was again revived. Definite details were developed, and at the annual meeting of June, 1891, a committee was again appointed, which was instructed to gather full

information as to the methods of representation of the graduate body in other colleges, and to express to the Board of Trustees the strong desire of the *alumnæ* for representation of a specified character. Again, before this committee had made its report, the Trustees took action and, in a letter addressed to the Association and read at the annual meeting held June 22, 1892, stated their desire "to avail themselves of the co-operation" of the Association and "cement more closely the bond" uniting the *alumnæ* to the College by giving them further representation upon the Board of Trustees, and named a committee appointed to confer with one from the Association and devise the best method for such representation. The Association at once appointed the committee requested. After a preliminary meeting, this committee in the fall of 1892 met the committee from the Trustees. The details agreed upon in this joint conference, and afterwards adopted, are as follows: the Association has the right to three members from its own number on the Board of Trustees, to be nominated by the Association; graduates of three years' standing are qualified to vote for the nominees; graduates of seven years' standing, who are not members of the College Faculty, are eligible as nominees; the term of service of an *Alumnæ* Trustee is six years, with the exception of two of the three first nominated, whose terms are two and four years respectively. By this last expedient it is secured that a nominee shall be chosen every two years. The first election was held in the spring of 1894; its results have already been announced in the Magazine. The returns were made to the Board of Trustees and to the *Alumnæ* Association at their meetings of June, 1894. The nominations were confirmed by the Board in the November meeting, and the new Trustees first sat with the Board in the meeting held in February of this year.

A few words in regard to the *Alumnæ* Trustees will be in place in this connection.

Mrs. Louise McCoy North, of the Class of '79, who serves for the term of six years, received her preparation for college in the public schools of Lowell, her early home. In college she gave special attention to the classics, and on graduation was appointed Instructor in the Greek department. But, an opportunity presenting itself for travel and study in Europe, she was given leave of absence for one year. After five years of teaching in Wellesley, she was married in December, 1885, to the Rev. F. Mason North.

Her present residence is in New York City, where she is one of the managers of St. Christopher's Home, an orphanage under the care of the Methodist church. She also edits the paper which is the organ of the work of the Deaconesses of the same religious body, and assists her husband in the editorship of *The Christian City*, the organ of the Methodist city mission work.

Miss Estelle M. Hurl, of the Class of '82, who was chosen for the four years' term, has always resided in New Bedford, except as her work of teaching has taken her elsewhere, and was prepared for college in the Friends' Academy in that place. Her college course was scientific, at a time when the degree of A.B. was still given to all graduates without distinction as to course; an excellent custom to which we are returning under the new curriculum. After two years' teaching in the Metzger Institute, Carlisle, Penn., Miss Hurl returned to Wellesley as Instructor in Ethics. Failing health compelled her two years later to give up this work, and when, later still, she was appointed Professor of Philosophy in Mt. Holyoke College she was again forced to relinquish the congenial field opened to her. In recent years of restored health she has devoted herself to literary work, the chief fruit of which has been her volume recently published, entitled "Child Life in Art."

Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, of the Class of '80, whose term is two years, is the eldest of five sisters who have come to Wellesley from the Western city of Rockford, three of whom are alumnae. Her preparation was made in part at Rockford Seminary, in part with a private tutor. Her degree was taken in the classical course. In 1883 she was married to Mr. Norman F. Thompson. She now resides in East Orange, N. J., where she has taken an active part in the work of the Woman's Club, a large and influential organization, and was for some years its president. Mrs. Thompson has been especially interested and efficient in the College Settlements' Association, of which she has been president since its organization six years ago.

It is hardly necessary to give expression to the satisfaction of the Alumnae of Wellesley in the realization of their long-felt, most earnest wish for a closer connection with the immediate aims and interests of the college. They have not failed to appreciate a most gratifying feature of the granting of this desire, in the fact that at every step the Board of Trustees has anticipated their request and shown the most cordial interest in meeting their wishes as far as possible in the way most favored by the Association.

ELLEN L. BURRELL, '80



## EDITORIALS.

## I.

THE editorial board of '95, as it prepares to lay aside the inscrutable garb of editorial dignity and to step from the editorial sanctum, insists upon exercising to the last its full prerogative, advisory and admonitive.

We, the editorial board of '95, in this our last appearance, extend a most hearty greeting to our successors, and wish them an editorial career of equanimity and success. As a pledge of our well-wishing, we would give utterance to certain advisory sentiments worthy of our experience and of the trust which we commit to the keeping of the board of '96.

In general, from henceforth shape your entire course of action in reference to the Magazine. In order to accomplish this successfully, the following more specific outline may be of service:—

1. Let each member of the board provide herself with notebook and fountain pen.

2. Thus equipped, let no member enter a recitation, attend a lecture, meditate a walk, or settle for a moment's reverie, without a fixed purpose to produce therefrom material for an editorial, a suggestion for the Free Press, or some charming verse.

3. Encourage any tendency exhibited by the English Department in the way of requiring for class work specimens of verse form or short stories, and be prompt to gather the results.

4. Make it a fixed rule of the board that each member shall hand in for every issue of the Magazine six suggestions for editorials.

5. Avoid direct soliciting as much as possible; the result is sometimes unexpected. Whenever this expedient proves necessary, state gracefully that the board reserves to itself discretionary powers.

6. Learn to introduce tactfully the subject of the Magazine into all questions of general conversation. When an especially good article appears in the *Vassar Miscellany* or *Smith College Monthly*, make a note of it, and lament the "placidness of Wellesley girls from a literary point of view."

7. In every alternate number let an article appear showing that the Magazine is not intended to be supported by the editorial board or by the senior class, but is expected to be the exponent of college loyalty and college spirit.

This advice carefully followed will protect against surprises, and we proffer it with the hope that it may assist the board of '96 to enter upon the success we so heartily wish it.

## II.

SOME one recently remarked upon the cheerful optimism of the average Wellesley student, and expressed a desire to learn the secret of her contented spirit. The grave editor, in pondering this question, finds its solution in the Law of Progress, as exemplified by the history of our College Beautiful. Each year some step is taken which helps to promote our intellectual development, our social welfare, or our material comfort. The new curriculum gave increased opportunity for a broad culture. The fitting up of parlors in our largest dormitory will supply a need which has long been felt, by giving the girls a pleasant place where they may come together during the periods of relaxation before study hours. Our latest improvement is the setting apart of two recitation rooms for the use of village students. Only one who has known the discomfort of a cold luncheon in the catacombs can fully appreciate the cheer of Room B. Only one who has longed for a place in which to rest during the moments between recitations can find in Room F a haven of peace and quiet; for about this retreat there still clings an atmosphere which is undeniably academic in character. A very few contributions from those who are comfortably situated in our college buildings, would soon make these rooms cozy and attractive. Surely we might in this practical way show our appreciation of what Alma Mater has done for our village sisters.

## III.

THERE is no one of the signs of the times which the board considers more prophetic of great results in the future, than the new class in Journalism. A large number of our Wellesley Sophomores will no longer be found ignorant, when questions of the day are under discussion, for they now read many of the best dailies, and are well informed upon current topics. The members of this class will have had such admirable preparation for critical and journalistic work, that the day may soon come when THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE shall be renowned for the excellence of its editorial columns and for its general literary merit.

## IV.

THE gathering at Washington during the month of February of three representative bodies of women, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Daughters of the Revolution, and the National Council of Women furnishes a spectacle so unusual that it deserves comment. The choice of place for these meetings signifies that they embodied a purpose general and national in character, and illustrates the growing tendency and importance of organization among women.

The most interesting of these meetings from the point of novelty is the National Council of Women, which sat for a session of two weeks during the last of February. Representing as it did four million women from all parts of the country, and of every social rank, from the society leader to the humble laboring woman, and discussing questions of social, educational, and industrial import,—this meeting must necessarily exert a vast broadening influence on the various local organizations there represented, and give a new impetus to all the work now being waged for the benefit of humanity.

## FREE PRESS.

## I

No one knows until he has stood before a group of people to address or instruct them, what a difference the attitude of an audience makes to the speaker. This is true of the class room as well as of any larger audience, and it may be thinking to some purpose, if we who form the class-room audiences of the college consider this and act upon it.

It can certainly be no great inspiration to an instructor to struggle to be heard above the din of conflicting voices, for several moments after the last bell has rung, and then, as the discussion advances, to see this intense ardor change into a listless apathy or an expression of settled determination to take no active part in the subject under consideration, unless personally pressed to do so by means so direct as to be unavoidable.

Not only is it a duty to the instructor to preserve toward the recitation an air of interest and personal participation, but it is a duty to the class as well. While each member expects to gain something by general class

discussion, she should also feel that it is as much a part of her class work to contribute something to the recitation to make it interesting and profitable, and this contribution should be made in as clear and entertaining manner as possible. The training given by individual participation in class exercises may be made one of the most valuable results of the recitation system, and we should feel it incumbent upon us to manifest alertness and interest by a prompt response to the efforts of the instructor. The fact that one happens to be unprepared does not remove this personal responsibility, and excuse the look of non-intelligence and lack of interest. Neither should the girl who has prepared every point and thought out the entire subject to her satisfaction excuse herself from personal effort on the ground that the discussion can yield for her nothing of further interest or profit. Each and every member of the class should feel that she has something to give as well as to get, and should strive to make the recitation hour a time when thought is quickened and interest awakened.

S., '95.

## II.

THE question is repeatedly asked, "Why are Wellesley Seniors so worn out and tired by spring? There are several good reasons for this, I think, for the strongest of us is bound to be a bit worn by the strain of four years' routine, slight though it may be. But to me the chief cause for the tired-out Seniors is the fact that they are obliged to work until the last moment before their graduation without the slightest easing off in the requirements of study. In many colleges there is a Senior vacation of two weeks or more to allow for finishing theses and preparing for the festivities, which are an essential part of the modern College Commencement. In other colleges no examinations are required of Seniors after the spring term. The past record and the class-room work alone are counted toward a degree. In a college with so many elective courses the Senior vacation seems impracticable, but certainly the other plan could be carried out. With very little trouble the professors and instructors could plan to give the Seniors in their courses no extra work after May first, at the latest. If special topics are required it would be simple enough to arrange to have all the Seniors in the course present theirs before that date. If final papers are absolutely essential then subjects might be assigned to Seniors which could be completed by May 1st. Nor do I



mean that that day shall be chosen by all departments as the appropriate time for papers. The professors say they are perfectly willing to have the papers come in early. They seem to forget that so many are required that the poor Senior cannot finish them all early.

As a general rule if a girl is worthy of her diploma in June she will have demonstrated that fact by midyears of her Senior year. In three years and a half a student should certainly have shown the character of her work, and her class-room work considered in the light of her past record should be counted sufficient, without final papers and examinations. Of course there would, necessarily, have to be exceptions, but they should be rare. If her class-room work was not good enough to pass a student, then a paper or examination should be required. But the girls would willingly prepare the daily recitation if time were allowed for it in the spring term. Often there are so many papers required that preparing for one's daily recitations is out of the question. This rush at the last is not satisfactory to professor or student, since it is impossible to do scholarly work under so much pressure. It has seemed to me in years past, when I have seen how busy my Senior friends always were, that each department was trying to get its last chance to wring a paper from the already tired Senior. Of course this is not the case, for some of the departments have been very considerate of the Seniors toward the last, but everyone will agree with me that it would be the greatest boon to be able to feel on May 1st that papers and examinations were behind, and the next six weeks were left open for the enjoyment of actually having time to prepare one's recitations without the element of rush, and to enjoy the last few precious weeks of one's college course.

And they will agree with me too, I am sure, in saying that the exceptions will be very few indeed of those girls who will not have honestly earned their diplomas in June, even though they have not spent their last weeks in grinding out papers and cramming for examinations.

95.

### III.

It is a matter of pride and gratification to every student to see the grounds and buildings in good order and carefully preserved. Every student, were she to think of it, would doubtless be willing to do anything in her power to secure college property from injury, and maintain as neat and orderly

an appearance as possible ; but, unfortunately, we are all of us more or less thoughtless, and during these moments of abstraction, we commit actions of a careless nature, we would never think of doing if we exercised the restraining influence of a moment's thought.

Now that ink wells and bottles are placed beyond the possibility of doing violence to the public eye, a new danger threatens from the fountain pen. Prone to the imperfections common to all things, this instrument of penmanship often refuses to work freely, and a violent shake seems the only restorative, resulting in the appearance of a shower of ink. These spots, small as they may be compared to the generous overflow of the safety ink well, will, in the course of time, give the public floors a most unsightly appearance. Those who use the fountain pens should provide blotters to absorb any discharge of ink the peculiar construction of the pen seems to require, and should in every way see that careless and unsightly spattering of ink be prevented.

While the subject is emphasized in this one instance, it might be well for us as students each to take upon herself the responsibility of self-restraint in general, and to check any personal tendency to scatter bits of paper through the corridors or general rooms, or to use pencils thoughtlessly in places where pencil marks are neither ornamental or educational.

W., '95.

IV.

In an article which appeared last month in the Free Press the writer spoke of the feeling of responsibility one ought to exercise in the use of money, and drew attention to one way in which students who are anxious for improvements in the college might use sums they could easily lay aside for that purpose.

The suggestion in its general tone, as well as in the particular instance cited, seems a good one. Few of us realize how much it is possible for us to do with very little expense or trouble on our part, to increase the comfort and convenience of the facilities already at our command. The opening of two recitation rooms as places of rest and recreation for the use of the village students, affords a very practical opportunity for exercising any inclination one may have to enhance the comfort and happiness of fellow-mortals. The donations of a few articles of use and ornament would do a

great deal to convert these rooms into pleasant resting-places. Many of us could easily spare a pillow from the overcrowded couch, or leave for public perusal some interesting magazine or book of short sketches. Let us second the efforts made by the College to ameliorate the condition of the village student.

C., '95.

V.

ONLY those who by the exigencies in the time and place of college appointments are condemned to use the path from Music Hall to the Art Building, know the miseries of its use. The unfortunates look with dismay on the advancing spring. Every night freezes the path and every morning waters it afresh. First, let us not be forgetful of the fact that two sloughs of despond have been bridged, those on either side of the road. But why was the good work not extended? Between mud and slush the field in front of Music Hall is frequently impassable. What then are the alternatives of a member of the Faculty, or of a student, hurrying to an appointment. A trip to the Main Building of ten to fifteen minutes, or a cold from soaked feet, to say nothing of a bedraggled, unhappy appearance. A board walk across the field, at the edge if not in the center, and up the steepest part of the hill, would go far toward curing the evil. The failure of a petition signed both by members of the Faculty and by students, last year, to achieve a path, make the present writer doubtful of any good result, but she desires to enter her protest, having suffered for two years from present arrangements.

H. D.

VI.

OUR Free Press seems this year to have become a sort of "growlery," wherein are entered all manner of criticisms and complaints, some of which might much better be made in private. Why not follow the suggestion made last spring, and set forth in its columns a few of the good things toward which we aspire? We are all children, who, if continually nagged, and told not to do this thing or that, grow sullen, and stop trying to do anything.

A criticism made three months ago still burns in my heart. The writer of the article on friendships between college women left with us all the feeling that, in the main, she considered such friendships as failures; that she knew of few which she felt were strong and real enough to abide.

True, there are certain dangers of which we must beware. One of these, as the writer said, is sentimentality. Two others, which seem to me even greater, are the danger from gossip and from too severe criticism of one another.

A friend recently asked me, "Can you deny that college women gossip more than college men?" I longed to say that I could, but when I thought of the amount of small-talk about people which was daily indulged in here, I could answer only, "I am afraid I cannot deny it."

The second danger comes from unnecessarily severe criticisms of one another. I know that not infrequently one person is prevented from making further advances toward another who has attracted her, simply because of the severe criticism passed upon the stranger by some third person. It is true that we form a very critical community, and it is natural that it should be so. But it is neither kind, nor true, nor womanly, when we allow ourselves to utter a single adverse criticism upon any member of our community, unless some matter of right or wrong demands it. Let us be proud to be as magnanimous toward our fellow-students as our brothers are toward their fellow-men.

But there are many among us who believe that despite sentimentality and gossip and criticism there exist here not a few "David and Jonathan friendships." We know of friendships, and we know them because they are our own *Καὶ φίλοι ἀσπίς*, that stand the strain of "good report and ill," a strain made necessary by the gossip and criticism that destroy all bonds except the true; we know of friendships that are firm through doubt and misunderstanding; we know of friendships that, out of characters that seemed weak, have developed strong, brave womanhood. There are, and have been, scores of friends in this College who do remember "that true friendship means true, steady, calm, generous love." And in these friendships we are learning to understand the greatest fact of life,—the very law of life,—that each fulfils her own life only through other lives,—that "he that loseth his life shall find it."

### EXCHANGES.

WAVES of interest seem, at stated intervals, to flood the college world. Last month's elusive snowflake has given place to Cupid's fiery dart. Fair ladies and languishing youths appear in many a poem, tale, and farce, all of



which are characterized by unusual languor and cynicism. We know not whether Saint Valentine is growing cold in these later days, or whether spring is fast nearing.

The essays of the month, however, do not lack vigor. "Carlyle's Idea of Sincerity," in the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly*, shows careful, scholarly work, and has evidently been written by a lover of the rugged truth-teller. "A Study of a Friendship," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*, gives an interesting sketch of Dumas' four famous heroes. In an article on Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the *Smith Monthly* has given a just, but appreciative estimate of the modern story teller, "who is always saying the wisest and most delightful things just as you are on the point of saying them yourself." Of essays not dealing with literary themes we would mention "The Serious Side," in the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which treats in a serio-comic style of that side of undergraduate life not seen by the outside world.

The three short stories which have most interested us, "A Fall from Grace," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*; "A Poet's Protégée," in the *Vassar Miscellany*; and "Nancy," in the *Smith College Monthly*, differ widely in character. The first shows skillful use of a bitter humor, of a dangerous irony; the "Poet's Protégée" is a strong, well-drawn character sketch; while "Nancy" simply and vividly tells of a little child's tragedy.

The verse of the month not devoted to Saint Valentine is rather meager in quantity. We clip the following:—

#### THE MIDDAY MOON.

I lay upon the new-mown hay  
On a sultry day in the month of June;  
The sky was blue, the birds sang sweet,  
And I looked at the midday moon.

It was so light, it was so white,  
So spirit-like it floated by,  
It seemed a bit of cloud begot  
Out of a cloudless sky.

O moon! though I love thee at dead of night,  
When the shadows are blue and the fairies play,  
'Tis thy soul that I see in the sky at noon  
And I love thee most by day.

—*Smith College Monthly*.

## THE RIVER.

The willows overhang the stream,  
 And underneath their sober gleam,  
     Like a dream,  
 The river hurries on its way,  
 And softly sings its mystic lay  
 Amid the pebbles hard and gray;  
     Bright they seem.

The grasses wave upon the bank;  
 Below, the reeds and osiers dank  
     Dip and twine;  
 The sun is near the western hill,  
 And o'er the placid valley still  
 There steals the creaking of the mill  
     And breath of pine.

The shadows brood above the scene,  
 Caress the woods and meadows green,  
     Dimly seen;  
 The whisper of the waters' flow  
 Discloses secrets none may know,  
 As bright its dancing ripples glow,  
     Silver sheen.

—*Cornell Era.*

## AFTER READING WHITMAN.

Out of the wreck and crumble of the Past,  
 Its shattered shrines and images—mere drift  
 Of time and space—the Present seems to lift  
 A sphinx-like face, mysterious and vast,  
 With doubts and dim foreshadows overcast,  
     A face of strange, new impulses that shift,  
     Like rush of storm-cloud, till from out the rift  
 Of poet-insight flashes truth at last.  
 Alone he stands, and sings upon the verge  
 Of the far-whispering and sobbing sea;  
 Not for the wreckage of the Past, a dirge,  
 A triumph for what is, and is to be—  
 The Modern Man, supreme amid the surge,  
 And swirling eddies of Democracy.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

## BOOK REVIEW.

*Elizabethan Lyrics*, Selected and Edited by Felix E. Schelling. Cloth, 327 pp. The Athenæum Press Series. Ginn & Company, Boston.

The need of books which shall give, in a convenient and inexpensive form, the best of our English classics, has been felt more and more strongly as the study of English Literature has become systematized. To meet this need many so-called students' series have been published. Professor Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" has proved invaluable for class work. The collection just given to the public by Felix E. Schelling, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, is similar in plan, and is compiled by one who from his position should know the practical needs of the classroom.

The collection covers the half century from 1576 to 1625. Of the poems of that period given in the "Golden Treasury," Professor Schelling's collection contains all except thirty-seven (nineteen of the thirty-seven being from Shakespeare and seven from Thomas Campion), while it has two hundred and thirteen not given by Palgrave. The purpose seems to be to render accessible especially some of the less-known poems of the sixteenth century, and this fact, together with the scholarly arrangement of the whole, gives the book a distinct value. The introduction gives (1) "an account of the Elizabethan lyric of art in its nature, origin, and different modes, with comment on the authors and the literary tendencies involved;" and (2) "a consideration of the chief lyrical measures of the age from an organic, as well as an historical point of view." There are also ninety pages of notes containing explanatory and biographical information.

The book is thoroughly and clearly indexed, and is published in neat and convenient form.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Elizabethan Lyrics*, by Felix E. Schelling. The Athenæum Press Series. Ginn & Co., Boston.

*Stories of Old Greece*, by Emma M. Firth. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 30 cents.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

The February programme meeting of the Classical Society was held on Saturday, the twenty-third. The subject of the meeting was Demosthenes, and the following programme was given :—

- |  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| I. Demosthenes and the Olynthian Confederacy . . . . .       | Ida Brooks.       |
| II. Translation from the First Olynthiac . . . . .           | Edith Dexter.     |
| III. Discussion of Politics at Athens in Demosthenes' time : |                   |
| <i>a.</i> The Anti-Macedonian Party . . . . .                | Julia Randall.    |
| <i>b.</i> The Macedonian Influence . . . . .                 | Mary Chapin.      |
| IV. Translation from the First Philippic . . . . .           | Elizabeth Haynes. |

At the January programme meeting, Miss Florence Hastings, '97, and Miss Mattie Roberts, '97, were received into the society.

A social meeting of the Classical Society was held on February 7, at Stone Hall.

The regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held on February 9, in Society Hall. The following programme was given :—

- |   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| The Decadent Movement . . . . .   | Mary H. Holmes.   |
| Music . . . . .   |                   |
| Modern Epicureanism: A Study of Pater . . . . .                                 | Caroline Jacobus. |
| Music . . . . .   |                   |
| A Comparative Study of the Prose Poem in Russian, French, and English . . . . . | Frances Pullen.   |

The regular meeting of the Agora was held Saturday, February 23. After the impromptu speeches, the following programme was presented. :—

- |                                      |                        |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| License . . . . .                    | Belinda Bogardus, '96. |
| The Boodler and the Boodle . . . . . | May Young, '95.        |

An informal discussion followed.



A regular meeting of the Tau Zeta Epsilon was held in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, Saturday evening, February 23. The programme was as follows:—

Influence of Foreign Art on English Art	Elfie Graff.
Hogarth	Fannie Austin.
Sir Joshua Reynolds:	
The man	Charlotte Goodrich.
The artist	Bessie Gates.
The contemporaries of Reynolds	Alice Norcross.

The regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held in Society Hall, February 23. The new programme for the second semester—Truth and Fiction of American Life—was begun. The first meeting was devoted to New England with the following programme:—

I. A Coaching Trip through New England,	Kate Winthrop Nelson.
II. Characteristics	Lucy Jane Freeman.
III. Brook Farm and The Transcendental-	
ists	Margarette Purington.
IV. A Gala Dress “dramatized”:	
Elizabeth Babcock	Clara L. Willis.
Emily Babcock	Emily H. Brown.
Matilda Jennings	Augusta H. Blanchard.

#### COLLEGE BULLETIN.

March 10. Rev. Edward C. Moore, of Providence.  
 March 11. Lecture. Prof. Wm. M. Davis.  
 March 17. Rev. Charles R. Brown, of Charlestown.  
 March 18. Concert.  
 March 23. Lecture. Prof. Moulton.  
 March 24. Pres. G. W. Smith, of Hartford.  
 March 25. Lecture. Professor Moulton.  
 March 27. Term closes.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

The editorial board of the Magazine for the year 1895-96 has been chosen the past month from the Class of '96. The members of the new board are: Editor-in-Chief, Mary McLean; Associate Editor, Josephine Batchelder; Literary Editors, May Woodin, Agnes Caldwell, Mary Hefferan, Annie Wilson; Business Managers, Cora Stoddard, Annie Peaks. These editors begin their work with the April number of the Magazine.

On Sunday, January 27, Rev. Mr. Fuller of Malden preached in the chapel.

On Wednesday evening, January 30, a reception was given at The Fiske, by Professor Whiting, in honor of Mrs. Joseph Cook. Many of the guests present were from outside the College. This was the first social gathering which has been held at the new cottage.

A reception was given to the members of Phi Sigma, Wednesday evening, January 30, by Miss Lauderburn and Miss Hawley. The reception was held in Society Hall.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed here on Thursday, January 31. Prayer meetings were held in the morning by the various classes, as usual. The classes of '96 and '97 held their meeting together, and were addressed by Miss Coman.

At eleven o'clock the usual service was held in the chapel. Rev. Amory Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., conducted the service, and gave a most helpful and interesting address. Mr. Bradford spoke again before the College in the evening.

On Saturday evening, February 2, Professor Whiting entertained the students of the Physics department, in her private laboratory. After many curious and interesting things had been shown under microscopes, a large number of fine stereopticon views of the World's Fair were exhibited.

Dr. A. E. Dunning, of Boston, preached in the chapel Sunday, February 3. On Sunday evening the monthly missionary meeting was held. Mrs. O. L. George addressed this meeting, telling of her work as a missionary in Burma.

Prof. John Fiske, of Cambridge, lectured in the chapel Monday evening, February 4. His subject was "More Facts About the Boston Tea Party."

A concert was given by the Beethoven Society Saturday evening, February 9. The society was assisted by Miss Harriet A. Shaw, harpist.

On Sunday, February 10, Rev. F. Mason North, of New York, preached in the chapel.

On Monday, February 11, Mr. Hamilton Mabie lectured in the chapel. His subject was "The Art of Writing."

Inkstands of all descriptions, including the safety inkstands, have been banished from class and lecture rooms. The dealers in fountain pens have had a thriving business at the College the past few weeks as a consequence of the decree against inkstands.

A valentine party was given by the Juniors at Freeman to the members of the other classes who live in the house. This was held on the evening of St. Valentine's Day.

The Constitutional History class held a session of the House of Commons in the gymnasium Saturday evening, February 16. The subject of discussion was the abolishment of the hereditary principle in legislature. The principal speakers were:

Harcourt (L.), Derby	.	.	.	.	.	C. Caryl.
Burns (Lab.), Battersea	.	.	.	.	.	L. Brandt.
H. Beach (C.), Bristol	.	.	.	.	.	M. G. Wilson.
Healy (Nat.), Louth	.	.	.	.	.	F. E. Austin.
Chamberlain (L. U.), Birmingham	.	.	.	.	.	W. Augsburg.
Morley (L.), Newcastle	.	.	.	.	.	E. L. Jones.
Labouchere (R.), Northampton	.	.	.	.	.	E. H. Young.
Balfour (C.), Manchester	.	.	.	.	.	P. L. Underwood.

Professor Merriam of Hartford preached on Sunday, February 17, in the college chapel.

A concert was given Monday evening, February 18, by the students in the School of Music.

The Senior Class Social was held in the gymnasium Thursday evening, February 21. The class history for the Junior year was given at this time.

Dr. McKenzie took charge of the Thursday evening prayer meeting, February 21. He gave a most interesting talk on the subject of Prayer.

The concert by the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs was given in the Chapel Friday evening, February 22. The concert was as successful and popular as ever. We were glad to welcome the Mandolin Club, which made its first appearance before the College on this occasion. The programme included vocal solos by Miss Cottle, Miss Ely, and Miss Hoyt.

On Sunday, February 24, Professor Lyons, of Cambridge, preached in the college chapel.

The lectures which have been given during February in the Saturday afternoon lecture course are as follows: February 2, a lecture on "Christina Rossetti," by Professor Bates. February 9, "The House of Lords," by Professor Kendall. February 16, "The Chicago Strike," Professor Coman. February 23, "The Drama of the Nineteenth Century," Mr. Baker.

On Monday evening, February 25, Professor Cross, of the Institute of Technology, lectured in the chapel on "Musical Pitch."

#### ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The Boston Branch of the A. C. A. held its last regular meeting Saturday, February 16, at 2.30 P. M., in the Claflin Room of Boston University, 12 Somerset Street. Programme: "The Relation of the Public Schools to Good Citizenship," Frank A. Hill, Secretary State Board of Education; "The Physical Needs of the Boston Public Schools," R. C. Humphreys, retiring member Special Committee on Schoolhouses, and Dr. S. H. Durgin, Chairman of the Board of Health. A meeting will be called in March to consider the need of University Extension in Boston and vicinity. Every college graduate should be interested in the welfare of our public schools, and also in University Extension. At present, the only manifestation of public spirit on the part of the Boston Branch as a whole (representing two hundred and eighty college graduates) is an annual contribution of \$250 (raised with difficulty) for the Fellowship Fund of the General Association. In view of this



deplorable fact, will not each member be present at the coming meetings, and also make a careful study of the subjects announced for consideration? An intelligent decision may then be secured as to whether the Boston Branch of the A. C. A. should attempt to serve the community by undertaking definite work, either to better existing conditions in the Boston public schools, or to establish University Extension in Boston and vicinity.

Miss Janet Davidson, '92, entertained the Eastern New York Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae at her home, 216 Lancaster Street, Albany, N. Y., Saturday, January 26. The subject of the meeting was "Reminiscences of College Life." Bits of personal experience, and events peculiar to various colleges were described, and many college views and souvenirs of college days were shown. The Wellesley alumnae present were Miss Grace Perry, '81, Miss Grace Eastman, '91, Miss Linda Puffer, '91, Miss Florence Ellery, '89, Miss Myrtilla Avery, '91, Miss Henrietta St. Barbe Brooks, '91, Miss Emeline Bennett, '93, and Miss Nan Pond, '93. Among the alumnae present from other colleges were Mrs. Melville Dewey, Mrs. John Gillette, and Miss May Seymour, of Smith.

A meeting of the Wellesley Club of New York was held Saturday, Feb. 16, 1895, at the home of Miss Caroline E. Raven, 864 President Street, Brooklyn. After a short business meeting a pronunciation match was announced, of which Miss Grace Andrews, '89, carried off the laurels in the shape of an imposing dictionary for future reference. The vagaries of modern lexicographers formed a frequent topic of conversation with the less-favored members of the club over the cups of tea and chocolate that arrived in time to cheer their drooping spirits. Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins was a welcome guest of the afternoon.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer has resigned her position in the University of Chicago. She and Professor Palmer will travel in Europe.

Mrs. Louise Boies Sharpe, '84, is in Worcester, Mass. Mr. Sharpe is studying at Clark University.

Miss Florence Bigelow, '84, and Miss Charlotte Conant, '84, received at Walnut Hills School, Natick, on February 2.

Miss Jessie Van Vliet, '85, who received her second degree last year from the University of Michigan, has been teaching since February 1 in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn. Her address is 99 Macon Street.

Mrs. Virginia Yeaman Remnitz, '83-86, with her little daughter, has been visiting Mrs. Annie Preston Bassett, '83-85, at her Brooklyn home.

Miss Ada G. Wing and Miss Kate L. Clarke, both of '86, spent a few days with Miss Nella G. Robbins, '83-84, at Wellesley.

Miss Elizabeth Wallace, '86, who has been, since its opening, in charge of Beecher Hall, University of Chicago, has been elected principal of the Knox College Seminary, Galesburg, Ill.

Miss Mary Martin Yardley, '90, is teaching Mathematics in Rowland Hall, the Church School of Utah. Miss Yardley's address is 955 Logan Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Miss Emily I. D. Meader and Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, both of '91, spent the Day of Prayer at the College.

Miss Henrietta Chase, formerly of '92, who is teaching at Santa Rosa, Cal., visited Miss Emily Briggs, '92, Pasadena, Cal., during Christmas vacation.

Miss Flora Luther, '90-92, visited Miss May Patterson, '92, during Christmas vacation.

Miss Grace Underwood, '92, spent Sunday, February 17, at College.

Miss Kate Morgan Ward, '92, has received one of the two foreign fellowships offered by the Woman's Education Association of Boston.

Miss Grace Mix, '90-92, spent February 22 with Miss Alice Reed, '93, in Roxbury.

Misses Katherine Holley and Bettie Keith, both of '93, are at home, Selma, Ala.

Miss Anna Knapp, formerly '93, has been visiting in Syracuse, N. Y., East Orange, N. J., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Alice Mae Reed, '93, visited the College February 21. Miss Reed is teaching in the Natick (Mass.) High School.

Miss Mary Tooker, '93, was at the College, February 14.

Miss Helen Eager, '93, from Fiske Teacher's Agency, held office hours at College, February 13.

Miss Mary Hazard, formerly of '93, has been giving a course of psychology lectures to Miss Symond's training class for kindergartners.

The address of Miss Mary Brigham Hill, '93, is 421 Marlborough Street, Boston.

Miss Katherine May Winton, '93, sailed February 6, on the Friesland, for a two months' cruise on the Mediterranean. She will visit Spain, Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Paris and London.

Miss Fanny H. Boltwood, a member of the class of '93, has removed from New Haven, Conn., to 65 Morris Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Miss Cora Bond, Special, '91-'93, is editing the society column of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*.

Mrs. Junius W. Hill, Class Mother of '93, recently gave a reception to the members of '93 who are in and near Boston.

Miss Elva C. Coulter, '94, is teaching in St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Miss Mary W. Marvell and Miss Eleanor Chace, both of '94, spent Sunday, February 17, at College.

On February 22 Miss Laughlin and Miss Tobey, of the Class of '94, and Miss Maud Thompson, formerly of the same class, gave a tea at the College to the members of the Agora. Miss Ruth Hibbard, '94, was among the guests.

Miss Frances Lucas, '93, has recovered from her accident of last fall, and is teaching at her home, Wooster, Ohio.

Miss Josephine Simrall, '93, is doing fine kindergarten work in Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### THE BOSTON COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

Denison House wishes to send belated but most hearty thanks to Wellesley for the Christmas contribution of one hundred dolls. They were distributed at the Christmas parties, and were highly appreciated by the little people who received them.

During the month of February Denison House had eight residents, its full number, every room being occupied. At present, however, there are but three who expect to stay more than three months. Permanent residents are the great need of this as of other College Settlements.

Miss Coman's paper on the Chicago strike was listened to with much interest by the Social Science Club, on Monday, February 11. Miss Coman herself was unable to be present, but the paper was read by Rev. Mr. Brent, of St. Stephen's Church, Boston. A general discussion on the subject of the Chicago and Haverhill strikes followed.

A Mothers' Club has been recently started by Denison House at the Hudson Street Kindergarten rooms. There were twenty mothers at the first meeting.

Denison House sends many thanks to the Wellesley Banjo Club for their services on Thursday evening, February 14. The music was much enjoyed, and many regrets were expressed that the club was obliged to leave so early.

#### THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT, 95 RIVINGTON STREET, NEW YORK.

The month that brought both Saint Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday, gave the young people fine opportunities for additional festivities. On Saint Valentine's Day the A. O. V. Sr. gave a true Valentine's party to the A. O. V. Jr., a club made up of the younger sisters and friends of the older girls. Washington's Birthday is particularly dear to the hearts of all the children, ardent admirers as they are of America's hero. The kindergarten little ones entered into their celebration most heartily. The children, each wearing a soldier's cap, and gallantly waving a flag, marched to the music of our patriotic songs, while their mammas looked on admiringly. The Rosebuds, tiny maidens of nine and ten, gave a Martha Washington party to their mothers. The small people in their caps and kerchiefs made dainty pictures as they danced a would-be stately minuet, or flitted about, eagerly serving each mother with chocolate and cake. The memorable day ended with the blare of trumpets, jingle of bells, and all possible sounds of revelry, for the A. O. V. Jr. entertained the Keystones with a kinder symphony. The bi-monthly conferences of New York Settlement workers are scenes of ardent discussion and argument; and though few conclusions are



reached, every worker feels the value of coming into sympathetic touch with others who are facing similar difficulties, and attempting to solve like problems. At the last meeting the discussion was upon the much-debated subject, "The Settlement as a Centre for Sociological Study." The subject of the next conference is to be, "The Religious Attitude of the Settlement Worker."

Miss Carol M. Dresser, '90, sailed for Naples, Saturday, February 16, on the *Normania*. She expects to be abroad for three months, and will spend the time in Italy, Germany, France, and England. On her return she will be at the New York Settlement for a few weeks.

#### MARRIED.

FISHER-ADAMS.—At Chautauqua, N. Y., August 20, 1894, by Rev. Bishop Vincent, Miss Gertrude F. Adams, '82, to Mr. James Fisher, of Winnipeg, member of the Manitoba Legislature.

STEELE-HADLEY.—Miss Maude Hadley, Special, '84, to Mr. Edmund D. Steele.

SEMANS-REED.—In Portsmouth, Ohio, Jan. 22, 1895, Miss Sallie Reed, '91, to Dr. Edward Merrick Semans. At home Wednesdays in February, 59 South Liberty Street, Delaware, Ohio.

STANLEY-POPE.—At "Grand View," East Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 5, 1895, Miss Helen L. Pope, '92 and '93, to Mr. Charles Henry Stanley. They sailed on "The *Normania*" for Genoa, February 16.

BALDRIDGE-BOARMAN.—On Thursday, Jan. 31, 1895, Miss Alice Boarman, '96, to Dr. Felix Edgar Baldrige.

#### DIED.

In Wellesley Hills, Mass., Feb. 22, 1895, Mr. B. F. Parker, father of Miss Laura Parker, '87, and Mrs. Marion Parker Perrin, '91.

At Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 23, 1895, the father of Miss Mary H. Holmes, 94.

At Wellesley, Jan. 26, 1895, Mrs. Lydia T. Caswell.

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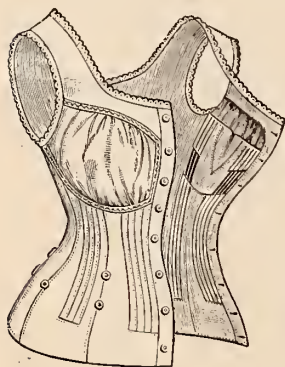
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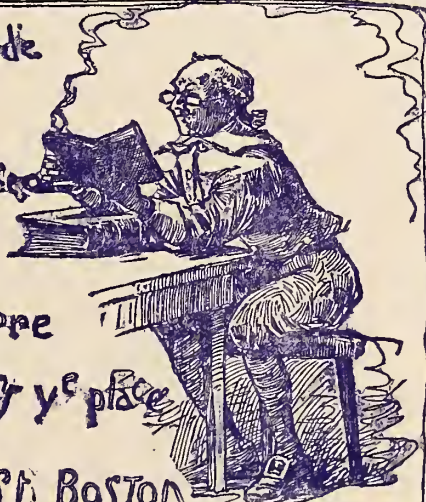
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